

PS
2159
.K88



301

Apr 23 July 1872

Homer Kennedy
2

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS 2159 Copyright No. _____

Shelf . K 88

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



WANTED;

Patriotic Local Agents, in all Loyal Sections, for the sale of this Work. *Employed Agents* ordering copies, accompanied by the cash, can retain 10 cents profit on each number. Retail Price, invariably 25 cents. Any person can become an Agent by sending this amount for a specimen copy. Soldiers and Regiments supplied at \$150 per thousand. Reader, could you better use some of your surplus coins than to buy a few copies for friends in the Army? Agents for "Homes for the Friendless," and "Benevolent societies," might bring to pass double good by influencing the People to scatter broadcast this Patriotic Work among our half million and upward Soldiers. Give a 25 cent copy to every

WANTED.

Soldier, deduct 10 cents for special objects of charity, and you will have seventy thousand dollars for humane purposes, and the brave sons of Union and Liberty will bless you, when peace again shall smile upon our Banner! An appeal to the Public would do it. "*Try.*"

Please be particular in writing Name, Address, County, and State, Post-Office or Express. All orders must be "Cash." Address, pre-paid by Mail or Express, J. H. Kennedy, Lenni, Delaware co., Pa.

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

POEMS,

CONSECRATED

TO

UNION AND LIBERTY.

BY

JAMES HOMER KENNEDY.



“Union and Liberty—now and forever—one and inseparable.”—WEBSTER.

VOL. I.

PENNSYLVANIA:

J. H. KENNEDY, PUBLISHER,

LENNI, DELAWARE CO.

-1862-

PS2159
.K88

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1862, by

J. H. KENNEDY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern
District of Pennsylvania.

2 2 1 6 3

ADVERTISEMENT.

“WHY do you select such a long, spread-eagle title?” asks a friend at our side. “Might not something shorter be more in taste? The ‘Star-spangled Banner,’ is a good thing, of course, but it has been so much handled, I would be afraid to risk appending it to a volume of Poems.” Our reply is,—We love the “dear old Flag” more and more every day, and think it can never go out of use while we have a country. It is the Flag of our Fathers, and shall be forever the triumph of our sons. It is the Standard of our Independence, and cannot be too widely unfurled. God bless the “Star-Spangled Banner!” We love the name. It cannot be written too long! too bright! When the “milky baldric of the skies” shall become so familiar as to lose its dazzling “sheen,” then, and not till then, shall we cease to look out smilingly upon our Starry Banner of Union and Liberty, waving in victory! Should these pages become as cherished and popu-

lar as the hallowed "Stripes and Stars," in the "Land of the free," the "homes of the brave," we shall not regret, title or publication.

Reader, you cannot do better than "buy this small book." It will fire your patriotism, invigorate your loyalty, and help you to kindle a bonfire to Freedom. Rebellion, it is now to be hoped, will soon be dead, "twice dead and plucked up by the roots," and that a Sisterhood of States, united and liberty-sealed, shall welcome home our brave volunteers, with banquets, garlands, and songs. While, however, the war-bugle is still heard, and

"Up, up, at the sound,

The pale, bleeding warrior leaps to his feet,
And gives to the still, breathing night, at a bound,
The Stripes and the Stars of his Liberty Sheet—"

Fellow Freemen, will you not circulate this little work "*free*" among the soldiers?

(A second volume containing "Long live America!" the "Republic as our Fathers framed it," "Popular Government," the "Union in its Integrity," and like themes may be expected.)

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

ANGLO AMERICA, my own loved land !
The unyielding virtue of the patriot's
 breast,
Has caused these Union pages to expand,
—Star-spangled Banner songs,—heaven
 make them blest
To millions that thy freedom own !
 Oh, may .
In aftertime, when peace is thine again,
Thy Freemen not despise their simple
 dress,
Should upstart critic of their author
 say—
“As little fire he had within his brain,
As winter finds in poor men's cottages !”
 (vii)

Strive shall one soul, that patriotism thrills,
To part thy rivers and thy realms immense?

Oh! never, till the fountains from thy hills
Shall lose their freedom-gush of eloquence

J. H. K.

IRAMEAD, Del. co., *Pa.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Author's Preface.....	vii
Our Land is in Tears.....	5
The Dearest and the Greatest Names.....	7
Patriotic Poetry.....	9
The Swords that Won the Battle.....	11
LYRICS OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION.....	13
Soldiers Muster.....	13
The Brave Word of Rally.....	14
No Truce with Traitors.....	18
The Union Forever.....	22
Our Starry Banner.....	25
The Patriot's Sacrifice.....	28
On to the Charge.....	29
The Name of Washington.....	31
Ellsworth's Shroud.....	34
The Contrast.....	37
Mount Vernon.....	41
The Ashes of the Brave.....	44
Our Country Must be Saved.....	46
The Soldier Lover.....	49
Rise, Freeman, in your Might.....	50
The Banner of the Sun.....	52
Hail Columbia.....	56

	PAGE
The Sword with God's Blessing.....	58
Our Peerless Republic.....	62
The Land of my Heart.....	63
Love under a War Cloud.....	65
The Inauguration.....	67
Our Country's Defenders.....	70
The Bull Run Panic.....	74
Power in the People.....	77
The Calibre of the Man.....	80
Rallying Song.....	81
The Death of Lyon.....	84
Ball's Bluff.....	87
The Tomb of Winthrop.....	90
Patriotism.....	93
The Gift of Tears.....	94
Freedom and Country.....	95
The Magic of Love.....	97
Our Dear Union Land.....	99
The Soldier's Betrothed.....	102
Oh! the Brave! the Brave!.....	104
The Taking of Manassas.....	108
Hatteras and Port Royal.....	110
The Patriot's Joy.....	113
National Thanksgiving Anthem.....	116
The Beautiful Fabric.....	118
Our Country is One.....	122
The Gallant Defenders of Sumter and Lexington	124
Union and Liberty.....	126

Country." "The land
 "Our
 of the Brave,"
 Flag
 "The Home
 has no
 stain
 our
 on its
 theme,
 Star-Spangled
 "The
 fame,"

"The Union, it must and shall be preserved."
 "Wave the Heaven-starred Sheet!"
 "Wave,

Washington, Scott,
 States, United and
 of Liberty-sealed."
 "A Sisterhood
 McClellan.



To the Heroes, Patriots,
 Citizens, Native and Adopted,
 who, in the face of impending
 National destruction, flocked
 around the "Star-Spangled
 Banner," generously sacrificed
 treasure and blood, and nobly
 breasted the dangers, which
 imperilled the "Union," shrin-
 ing the lofty hopes of human-
 ity, this Volume, intended to
 stimulate the brave and the
 free, our Country's Defenders,
 and create a patriotic National
 sentiment, is affectionately
 dedicated.



STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

OUR LAND IS IN TEARS.

THE dear land of our holiest love,
Once peaceful, happy—now in tears!
Ah! with such genial skies above,
Such vast and fruitful soil, such years
Of grandeur, power, prosperity—
A past, so hallowed and sublime—
A present, future destiny—
Joy of humanity and time!
Weep, shall our country, clothed in shame,
While despotism, sword, and flame,
Would Freedom's mighty land and name,
From the world's darkened map efface,
Supplanting slavery and disgrace?
No! Patriotism's not so tame,

6 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

As to look on and see the deed,
Which ages shall with sorrow read !
For *Freedom's truth our country stands,*
The truth of Freedom to all lands !
Wave, wave our Starry Banner, wave !
From hidden foes, and traitor-brands,
Polluting minds, destroying hands—
God shall Columbia save !

Long public conscience, lulled to sleep,
And with a red-hot iron seared,
O'er human bondage, wakes to weep—
The young, the noblest brave revered,
Now rush, from every toil and post,
To swell the Union file and host,
And wave our Starry Flag on high !
Freemen to live, or patriots die !
Till peace shall glad our land again ;
God bless the Union of our sires !
And bring us from these crucial fires,
Purer and freer—nobler men !

THE DEAREST AND THE GREATEST NAMES.

WHAT names are those, we love to hear

The lisping child repeat ?

That sound to the delighted ear,

So musical and sweet ?

The names of heroes, princes, kings,

Whose deeds the Epic Poet sings ?

Of conquerors, renowned

In history, who for their crimes,

In ancient and in modern times,

Have been by mortals crowned ?

Ah, no ! such names, but empty sound,

When even by the sage

Repeated ! what were the renowned

Of every clime and age ?

Were they, the truly great in mind ?

The benefactors of mankind ?

Of truth, of peace the friends ?

Or, were they not, alas ! the most

Vile and degraded of the lost ?

Who for their fame contends ?

A Cæsar, which the world acclaimed,
In old and pagan times ;
The heroes, also, that are famed
For no less honored crimes,
In Christian lands—in these our days—
To whom the world its homage pays,
Red with the blood of shames !
Ah ! justice, honesty, and right,
And innocence, and truth, and light,
Smile not to bless their names !

The dearest and the greatest names,
Are those which bring to mind
Virtue and knowledge—all that claims
The honor of mankind !
The names of freemen, great and brave,
Who fought, from tyranny to save
Their country, and protect
Their rights—the birthright of the free !
The true friends of humanity,
The good alone respect !

The names of those, who have excelled
In wisdom and true worth !

That have by toil and love expelled
Vile darkness from the earth !
By whom the blind obtained their sight,
And seen with joy, that there was light,
Above, below, around ;
The deaf, their hearing—heard the truth—
The words, that must forever soothe
The spirit with their sound !

PATRIOTIC POETRY.

SONG, purest of all nature's gifts,
Melodious, eloquent, sublime ;
The beautiful of thought, that lifts
The soul above the cares of time—
Though mated with humility,
Small homage has been paid to thee,
While lustres, brighter than the waves
Of ocean, break on Freedom's shore,
Or, beam above her martyrs' graves,
Her patriot bards shall thee adore !
While error-hiding darkness, wars
With light—oh ! wrapt in her full noon,

As soon might Heaven exile her stars
 As they who with thy smiles commune
 Exile from this fair world of God,
 One Sabbath-charm thou hast bestowed !
 Of old, of old, vice hid his brow,
 An upright victim to secure—
 But impudent, unblushing now,
 He does with it the world allure !

Yet, though oppressions, vices, wrongs,
 And inhumanities have birth—
 Examples of heroic worth,
 Shall patriotic song set forth
 “ Give me ”—it was a statesman * spake—
 “ The *pen* which *writes a nation's songs*,
 I care not who its *laws* may make.”
 To teach Columbia's loyal youth,
 Toil, Patriotism, Freedom, Truth,
 To song, the patriot task belongs !

* The words of a celebrated statesman—“ Give me the pen which writes the songs of a nation, and I care not who may make its laws.”

THE SWORDS THAT WON THE BATTLE.

THROUGH the darkness of the present, see
the future shining bright !
Let us nobly do our duty, and 'twill all be
well and right !
Let our country be protected, let true valor
be esteemed—
Freedom is divine and glorious like human-
ity redeemed !
Fair as the chaste moon smiling, clear as
the noonday sun,
Like an army grand with banners, is the
land of Washington !
Oh ! the swords that won the battles, which
shall Columbia save,
Have Freedom in their glitter, and Union
in their wave !
Let the *patriot-word* of rally,
Come from blooming hill and valley—
Hail our *country's strong defenders* ! God
make them *wise and brave* !

12 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

Sublime colossal nation! illumined great
and vast,
With thy *Washington* and *Jackson*, all
thy heroes of the past—
Thy *Scott* and thy *McClellan*, thy *Gar-*
field and thy *Banks*,
Thy *Butler*, *Wool*, and *Burnside*—the thou-
sands in thy ranks!
Thy *Rosencrans*, and *Sigel*, thy *Shields*,
and *Grant*, and *Pope*—
Whose swords have won our battles, there's
for thy Union hope!
The "*Pathfinder* * of *Empire*," with fame
redeemed and bright—
Where there is *human bondage*, there must
be woe and blight,
Sin and curse! The *wronged* once
righted,
All our Stars shall be united—
Not in a bond of darkness—but, a *Brother-*
hood of Light!

* Major General Fremont.

THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

A SERIES OF LYRICS.

“Oh! say, does the Star-spangled Banner still
wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the
brave?”—F. S. KEY.

SOLDIERS MUSTER!

MUSTER, soldiers! march and drill—
Arm! your bleeding country's calling!
Haste, her patriot-ranks to fill—
Charge, her traitor foes appalling!
Go and make a valorous stand,
Freedom's fire and might possessing,
For the Union—for the Land,
Warm with Washington's last blessing!
Heroes of Columbia's pride!
Sons of liberty and glory!
Justice, God are on your side,
Victory shall sublime your story.

14 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

God Almighty bless you ! go

From the homes, the hearts that love you,
Go and strike a vigorous blow,
For the " Stars and Stripes " above you !

Go in the defence of right,

For our glorious Union battle ;
Claim the thickest of the fight,

Where the siege guns loudest rattle !
Give your youth—your manhood—life,
For that Union's preservation ;
Soon shall end the sanguine strife,
In your country's coronation !

THE BRAVE WORD OF RALLY.

Shall the sword of destroyers our nation
devour,

The fire of usurpers, its victims con-
suming ?

Oh rise, mighty land ! like the ocean in
power,

Protect thy fair Stars and the shores of
their blooming.

Shall the patriot's worth
 Shine immortal on earth?
 And did Seventy-six to our freedom
 give birth?

Once oppression, crushed out, human bond-
 age and wrong—

Oh! the graves of our sires shall break
 forth into song.

Shall our country, illumined by Liberty's
 light,

With its glad ring of Union from sum-
 mit and valley,

Submit to a traitor-invasion, and write

Its own infamy? Oh! for the brave
 word of rally!

Sons of Seventy-six race,

Your starred banner embrace;

On the proud hills of freedom your
 signal lights place!

Were oppression crushed out, human bond-
 age and wrong—

Oh! the graves of our sires would break
 forth into song.

Ah ! have we the blood of the brave in
our veins ?

With the world's multitudinous eyes
fastened on us,
Shall our Union be broken ? our children
in chains ?

Shall the curse and the brand of the
slave be upon us ?

No ! tyranny's wrath

Shall be swept from our path—

Victorious in battle, or glorious in
death !

And oppression crushed out, human bond-
age and wrong—

Oh ! the graves of our sires shall break
forth into song.

In war's front of danger, how hallowed the
Stars

And Stripes of our country, triumphantly
waving !

How honored, illustrious, and noble the
scars,

Received in its cause, while the battle-
tide braving !

United in love,
As the star-hosts above,
Would its States their affianced fidelity prove.

Were oppression crushed out, human bondage and wrong—

Oh! the graves of our sires would break forth into song.

From work-shop and home, the mechanic upsprings ;

From his plow and his labor, the farmer is breaking ;

From the crests of the mountains, the battle-shout rings ;

In our Union's defence, all the brave are awaking !

When the war's last command

Shall our heroes disband,

Columbia again shall be called "happy Land !"

With oppression crushed out, human bondage and wrong—

Oh! the graves of our sires shall break forth into song.

NO TRUCE WITH TRAITORS.

FOR the flowery and the vast domains
 That our Native Land enshrines,
 Shall the coward usurper forge his chains,
 And mature his foul designs ?
 Shall he rend our Union, arm and let loose
 His ruffians and myrmidons ?
 Yet talk of an ignominious truce
 With cursed traitors, shall our sons ?
 No truce with traitors—no !
 No truce with traitors vile—
 Till their arms they drop,
 Their villainy stop,
 And cease to fraud and guile.

Canst thou, Union-Statesman, see the Flag
 Of thy Country's Stars torn down—
 Trailed, trampled in dust, whilst the hate-
 ful rag
 Of secession meets thy frown ?
 Canst thou see the palmetto serpent-sheet
 In place of the Stripes and Stars ?
 And with honest rage does thy bosom beat
 In view of thy country's scars ?

No truce with traitors—no !

No truce with traitors vile—
Till their arms they drop,
Their villainy stop,
And cease to fraud and guile.

Steal along Potomac's shore, and gaze
On its moon-and-star-kissed waves—
See the camp-fires of secession blaze,
And think of thy country's graves !
Oh ! her martyred sons, her widowed ones,
Her orphans canst thou behold ?
And in the name of her Washingtons,
Canst thou truce with traitors hold ?
No truce with traitors—no !
No truce with traitors vile—
Till their arms they drop,
Their villainy stop,
And cease to fraud and guile.

A retrospect of thy country's past,
And its glory canst thou take ?
And turn away, with a heart aghast,
From the wretches who would break

The Union, hallowed by Washington !

Who would wantonly destroy

The fairest Government under the sun—

Humanity's hope and joy ?

No truce with traitors—no !

No truce with traitors vile—

Till their arms they drop,

Their villainy stop,

And cease to fraud and guile.

Did our patriot-sires their heart's blood shed

As free as the sun his rays,

That we might have a goodly land out-
spread—

The blessing of future days ?

On the glorious battle-field, in death

Did our Fathers kiss the sod,

That the blight of slavery's mildew breath

Might not rest on the image of God ?

No truce with traitors—no !

No truce with traitors vile—

Till their arms they drop,

Their villainy stop,

And cease to fraud and guile.

With our noble Constitution and Laws,
Our freedom and spotless fame ;
With universal suffrage—what cause
For disloyalty, treason, shame ?
Rebellion—the shedding of hero-blood—
The martyrdom of the brave !
The sundering of union and brotherhood—
Ah ! is it, the free to enslave ?
No truce with traitors—no !
No truce with traitors vile—
Till their arms they drop,
Their villainy stop,
And cease to fraud and guile.

Ay, let us write on our Banners plain—
No truce to the dastard knaves,
Who would o'er our country's ruins reign,
And plant a kingdom of slaves !
No truce, no truce with the traitors
vile—
No truce with Confederate scorn ;
The infamous hosts, in mad defile,
Who to end our land are sworn !

22 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

No truce with traitors—no !
No truce with traitors vile—
Till their arms they drop,
Their villainy stop,
And cease to fraud and guile.

THE UNION FOREVER!

FREEDOM, humanity, civilization ;
Christian enlightenment, every day's sun,
Progress, development, heart-inspiration,
Plead that our glorious country be "one !"
One, in the right of choice—
One, in its People's voice—
One, in its Star-Spangled Banner unfurled !
One, in its Union vast—
One, in its mighty past—
One, in its freedom and light to the world !
" Union and Liberty, now and forever,
One and inseparable," * —words of the
brave ;

* Webster.

This be our national motto ! oh, never,
 Without its love, may our Starry Flag
 wave !

Popular Government—
 Best under Heaven lent
 Man, his blest race, with protection to crown ;
 This, we alone should live,
 Millions unborn to give,
 To our posterity, handing it down !

Patriotism, with smiles of devotion,
 Sunning humanity—liberty's brow !
 Of the true heart, the sublimest emotion—
 Instinct—affectionate impulse, art thou ?
 Or, something more divine ?
 Ah ! thy illumined shrine,
 Noble Columbia's breast, canst thou see
 Rent, into fragments torn,
 Hostile to Union-born
 Suffrage, the nurse of the brave and the
 free !

Who would not cry out—our country be-
 holding—

“ Is not our dear land the marvel of
 earth ? ”

24 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

Ah ! shall the same age, that hailed its unfolding

Vastness and greatness, and hallowed its birth,

Witness its overthrow ?

Never ! no—never, though

Heart-blood and life-blood may fail in our veins !

Never shall foreign guile,

Mock at our weakness, while

Craped is our Banner, our Eagle in chains.

Viewed in its physical charms, separation

For our triumphant land is not decreed !

Shall we, with craven and mean recantation

Of Freedom's holy and popular creed,

Where our sires for it stood,

Baptize with fire and blood ?

With oaths, in Heaven bound, our country to shield,

Build up a cotton throne—

Slavery, the “corner stone !”

Till our shame, weakness, and bondage, are sealed !

Freedom's our National basis—communion
 Light of our homes—Independence, our
 dower !

Every true greatness, we owe to our Union,
 Name of America, prestige of power !

With thy heroic birth,
 Valor and patriot-worth,
 Star-Spangled Banner of Freedom un-
 furled !

Virtue, intelligence,
 Ever be thy defence—
 Glory of Liberty ! joy of the world !

OUR STARRY BANNER.

OUR Starry Banner, may it wave
 O'er every land and shore,
 The ensign of the free and brave,
 That millions shall adore !
 The breaking in of Heaven's own light
 Upon our land, is not more bright,
 Its freedom mantling o'er—
 Than victory in its homes, where toil
 Adds second sunshine to the soil !

Commerce, with all its busy marts,
 The work-shop, with its trades
 And patient toils, strong hands and
 hearts—

The Spirit that pervades
 Our land, and tells us we are free—
 Exhaustless ingenuity,

And learning's classic shades,—
 In Union wed, all love to name
 The starry Banner of our fame!

The stalwart farmer, hurrying by
 To join his daily task,
 When morning lights with blue the sky,
 Loves in its stars to bask!

And when the evening shadows come,
 The weary plowman, plodding home,
 With love that knows no mask,
 Stops with a loyal heart of bliss,
 His country's Stars and Stripes to kiss!

Could Eden, with her nightingale
 And moonlight walks of love,
 Excel the smiling homes, that hail
 The sheet with stars inwove?

The exiles, from oppression's land—
Our countrymen, on foreign strand—

The Flag, that floats above
The land of freedom, star imbued,
Bless with a heart-felt gratitude !

The honor of our Native State,
And of our Country dear,
Should fire the free, and actuate
The brave that know no fear !
Peace has its dulcet, piping times,
When manliness is lost in rhymes,
Which please the maiden ear ;
But chafe our Starry Banner's pride—
In war, our patriotism's tried !

Let us our blood, in Freedom's strife,
For Liberty outpour !

Much as we love our homes and life,
We love our country more !

And our fidelity to thee,
O, Starry Banner of the free !

We'll prove till life is o'er ;
And thou shalt shed—long mayst thou
wave—

Undying lustre o'er the brave !

THE PATRIOT'S SACRIFICE.

WHAT is the patriot's sacrifice ?
His country is the " pearl of price,"
Of infinite, of golden worth !
The land—the dear land of his birth,
Is written on his manly heart,
And tears, and smiles of freedom start,
When song or eloquence makes grand,
The triumphs of his own loved land !

Oh ! life is sweet, but, who to live,
Would Freedom or his country give ?
Forfeit the noble patriot's name,
For an inglorious life of shame ?
My country—oh ! for thee and thine,
Glad sacrifice of life be mine !
For thee to live—to die for thee,
Is rapturous immortality !

Gay as to fancy life's young spring,
May be the charms this youth may bring ;
Sweet sunshine, with no cloud above
To mar the firmament of love !
As pure and true as love's own bliss,
May be the wooing smile and kiss,—

From these, and more—yet, would I fly,
Land of my birth, for thee to die !

The noonday glory of the skies,
May burn in manhood's fervid eyes,
The playing of the meadow-stream,
May laugh in every moonlight dream ;
Friends, kindred, and a mother's tears—
The sisters—mates of early years,
With grief, may crowd around me—nay,
My country calls, I cannot stay !

What is the patriot's sacrifice ?
His country is the hallowed price,
Worth more than life, worth more than all,
Earth can, her glittering treasures call !
The cottage-home—wife, children, love,
May the strong heart's affection prove—
My country—oh ! if it must be,
Fain would I die, for thee ! for thee !

ON TO THE CHARGE!

On to the charge ! bold volunteers—
On, patriot-soldiers, on !

30 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

One glorious charge—your country's cheers
Shall tell the battle won !

On, manly hearts, the Stripes and Stars
Again shall float on high !

The scars you wear, are Freedom's scars—
How sweet for her to die !

On to the charge ! hosts of the brave,
United in renown !

Go, war your native land to save,
Go, tramp the traitor down !

God give you mind and hardihood,
And nerve your valorous powers ;

The purchase of our father's blood,
This Union, still is ours !

On, on to victory ! hail the shout—
The long, the loud " Huzza ! "

Which tells the panic and the rout
That mark the foeman's way !

On, gallant men ! one brilliant charge,
The victory shall complete !

Now freemen, let your hearts beat " large,"
Wave, wave the heaven-starred sheet !

On to the sanguine charge—for all
 That's sacred, woo the fight!
 Soon shall your country's traitors fall
 Before the cause of Right!
 The starry pennant wave, huzza!
 Press to the charge once more!
 Your gallantry has won the day—
 The battle cry is o'er!

THE NAME OF WASHINGTON.

O, LAND of Washington, to thee
 Freedom's divinest charms belong;
 Then, may'st thou, ever blooming be,
 The land of fancy, truth, and song!
 One demonstration, such as thine,
 When in thy councils most benign,
 Thy Independence had its birth,
 May give thy glory to the earth!

Arch-union of the patriot-world!
 Where thy example's felt or known—
 Thy Banner, with its Stars unfurled,
 Shall tyrant-power be overthrown?

Thy flowery summits, sloping high,
Like temples of the golden sky,
Thy forests, vales—thy sires, the free,
Did consecrate to Liberty !

And shall thy sons, the free, forget,
While history's monitorial page,
Reminds them of the grateful debt
They owe those sires—the heritage
Of Freedom, which is theirs to guard ?
Shall noble statesmen, happy bard,
In eloquence and song, set forth
Thy Union-greatness, patriot-worth ?

What triumph, glory, valor fame,
Under our Eagle's outspread wings,
In Washington's great, hallowed name,
Each sun upon thy Banner brings !
With Liberty and Union, thou
Hast every blessing on thy brow !
And Washington's great name, to crown
Thy independence and renown !

Science, and letters, and fine arts,
Their proudest triumphs have achieved,

Enduring laurels gained, true hearts
Of song, have wreaths from thee received ;
Progress, development, and light,
And every element of might,
Are thine, but what all names of fame,
Without thy Washington's great name ?
Beneath the circuit of the sun,
What land, so fair and vast as thine,
In which, the name of Washington
Is cherished, revered as divine ?
Oh ! in that name, at home, abroad,
Well may appeal to man and God,
Thy Union, Freedom, Power, and Worth—
Our Government—the best on earth !
Ah ! how the world would blush with
shame,
If thou, with such a radiant past,
With Washington and Freedom's name,
Shouldst recreant to thy trust—at last—
Forgetful of thy patriot graves,
Sink down into a land of slaves !
No, fair Arch-union of the free,
A nobler future smiles for thee !

ELLSWORTH'S SHROUD.

"Once, when the ivory moon shone through
 The hazy, mellowing sky,
 Two Indian lovers, who delight,
 Sought in a fragile, light canoe,
 Where Erie's* waters lie,
 Took of each other's eyes, adieu!
 The evil Genii of the night,
 Had spread their shadows o'er the lake,
 And even that barque the shore could make,
 Those lovers knelt to die!
 But she, the Sachem's black-eyed daughter,
 Her dark eyes turning from the water,
 Where death, her lover lowly laid,
 Ever joining his rapt spirit, prayed—
 The moon might lend a fleecy cloud,
 To be for their true love, a shroud!

"Were I as fanciful as yore,
 Had nought to do, but idly dream,

* The name "Erie" is of Indian origin, and signifies mad—the "Mad Lake." Its waters, on account of their shallowness being easily disturbed, it is subject to frequent disasters and storms.

Oh ! I would ask of Heaven no more,
My plighted love ! my heart's supreme !
If mine, so sad a fate should be
As separated far from thee,
And it should be my lot to die,
Without the comfort of thine eye,
Or, voice of sweetness—I would pray,
The lily-moon of Eden's night
Might lend a shroud of snowy white,
And in love-kisses wrap my clay !
But called upon the battle plain,
To struggle in the cause of Right,
To mingle in the holy fight,
I now have little time to play
With fancy or with tears ! Away
From thee, too, I must rush !

——“ A pain,
A death-like pain, it is to part
From thee, thou sweet one of my heart !
Yet should I ne'er return again,
The flag that waved in sunny light
When peace smiled on our happy land,

In war's dire conflict, waving bright—
 Victorious, starred, triumphant, grand!
 Shall be thy lover's radiant shroud!
 And thou—I know, thou wilt be proud,
 That he, adorned with Freedom's scars,
 Bled for his country's glorious Stars!"

He seeks the war with young desire,
 Where, in the blaze of morning sky,
 Bathing his plumes in clouds of fire,
 Columbia's Eagle soars on high!
 With courage, fierce and unappalled,
 Which might be "fatal rashness" called,
 In midst of foes, most dire in hate—
 Most cowardly in wily fear—
 Drags down the scandalous serpent rag,
 Raised by secession for a flag—
 His country's Stars and Stripes to rear!
 Alas! it is his hour of fate;
 But, oh! not unavenged he dies!
 His shroud, bedewed with tears of love,
 The Banner, starred like Heaven above!
 His country's flag, inviolate!
 Wrapt in its blessed folds, he lies!

THE CONTRAST.

WHAT welcome enchantments ! Oh, who
would not hail,
The bloom-mantled summit, the green-
herbaged vale,
With charms of delectable beauty and light,
Like relics of Eden, still smiling and
bright ;
The gushing of fountains, the laughing of
bowers,
The music of birds and the magic of flow-
ers ?

Oh ! childhood, itself, is not sweeter, nor
youth,
More lively, in fancy, cherubic, in truth,
Than the raptures, which live in the radi-
ance of morn,
When sunbeams the eloquent, green earth
adorn !
There's something so trancing, so happy
and gay,
In all that gives innocent mirth to the day !

The skies, the blue skies drop their gar-
lands below,

And all things, made golden, with ecstasy
glow !

The herd-dotted country, with hamlet and
cot,

Its bloom of free labor—contentment of
lot,

And river, and forest, present to the view,
A picturesque loveliness, blissful and true !

But while, with felicitous gaze, we behold,
All nature, rejoicing in blossoms of gold,
And scenes of mild peace, with serenity
fraught,

Call up our warm depth of glad feeling
and thought ;

How sad to reflect, while our hearts thus
expand,

On the sorrow and horror of war in our
land !

Ah ! how sick'ning to gaze on the blood-
mingled stream,

Where bayonets opposing, defiantly gleam !

See, the down-trodden thousands, and witness the jar

In the desolate pathway of merciless war!
To peace, what a contrast! How brutal,
defiled,

Is war, with its terrors, and agonies wild!

But a cause and a conscience may be in
the strife,

For Freedom's more sacred, more hallowed
than life!

Has more than the sunshine to bless and
make grand,

The love-lighted homes of our star-ban-
nered land!

With the Government ours, which our
forefathers gave,

Whose sovereignty dwells in the hearts of
the brave!

Shall inhuman humanity, boasting its
slaves,

Rear the palmetto flag where the Starry
Sheet waves?

Though a gloom-sky of death o'er the battle-plain lowers,
In dying for Freedom, the victory's ours !
Our Union is worth, with the hearts it connects,
The lives of the millions, its Banner protects !

O ! rally, my countrymen, rally around,
Our dear Union Land, till its freedom be crowned !
Though peace were most welcome — yet,
dearer, by far,
Are Freedom and Union, without which,
no star
Of our country, is worth the blest unction
of prayer
For peace, that sweet Liberty only can
wear !

Land of science and valor ! thy jewels divine,
Undimmed, through all ages, with lustre
shall shine ;

But thy glory or future, be what it may be,
 'Thou art great and exalted, because thou
 art free !

And the past of thy fame shall be sacred
 and pure,

While the sun, and the the moon, and the
 stars shall endure !

Though with tears may be numbered thy
 dead in the strife,

Lo ! Freedom's brow, radiant with angelic
 life !

Soon shall end the "war-contrast with
 peace," we portray,

And oppression's vile hearts shall be ashes
 that day !

But thy brave shall to thee their fidelity
 prove,

Heart, cemented to heart, in a Union of
 love !

MOUNT VERNON.

FIRST in peace, in war, in glory—

First forever, in the hearts

Of his countrymen—the story
 That his country's fame imparts !
 Story of her independence,
 By his prudent valor won—
 First in greatness and transcendence,
 Glorious, matchless Washington !

Union—strength, support and beauty
 Of our Government, benign !
 To sustain thee, is the duty
 Of thy sons, whose hearts are thine !
 Thou hast Washington's last blessing !
 And with thy free, just, and brave,
 His illustrious name possessing !
 Shalt thou not revere his grave ?

Have Columbia's patriot daughters
 Purchased green Mount Vernon's breast,
 With its sacred shade and waters—
 Washington's great place of rest !
 That no foe might violate it,
 Or deface, with cruel shame ?
 And shall traitors desecrate it,
 And its hallowed precincts claim ?

What! the venerated ashes
Of our country's Sire, consign
To the rebel flag, that flashes
Treason on Potomac's line!
Break Mount Vernon's consecration!
Scorn, above its dust aver!
Shrine and Mecca of a nation—
Washington's blest sepulchre!

What! to perjurers and defilers,
Give the tomb of Washington!
Traitors, insolent revilers
Of the land his valor won!
Dare they hold with thee communion,
Dust immortal and revered!
Yet destroy the noble Union,
So to Washington endeared?

Sons of sires, the Revolution
Sanctified in Freedom's cause!
Champions of our Constitution,
Union, Liberty, and Laws!
Heroes of true coronation!
War-stars of first magnitude!

44 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

Oh from traitor-deseccration,
Save Mount Vernon by your blood !

Brave defenders of our glorious
Union—heroes of true mould !
Strong, invincible, victorious—
Can you, that one spot, behold,
Where your Country's Sire reposes !
And unite not, all as one,
For our land of stars and roses—
Tomb and home of Washington ?

THE ASHES OF THE BRAVE.

WHEN God a voice to Justice gave,
Assigning Truth her heavenly part,
He made the ashes of the brave,
To speak to every living heart !
Wherever Freedom's sun illumines
Green continent, or isles of sea,
A life-voice from her patriot-tombs,
With eloquence inspires the free !

Forever be revered the dust
Of those who purchased by their blood,

Our goodly heritage and trust,
Whose memories warm our gratitude !
Wherever Freedom's banner waves,
O'er home and altar, hearth and land,
The language of her martyr-graves,
Her faithful children understand !

Oh ! hallowed be the lowly urns,
And sepulchres which hold the dead !
For whom a nation silent mourns,
And funeral tears sublime are shed !
Earth, guard the sacred ashes lent
Thy peaceful breast—by noble deeds !
The patriot's dust, no monument
Or pride of thy affection needs !

What music comes up from the sod,
Where in the wild, with prayer and
psalm,
The Pilgrim Fathers worshipped God,
And kept the Sabbath's holy calm !
Our Revolutionary sires—
Their mounds repose on many a hill—
In many a vale,—the glorious fires,
That waked their ashes, warm them still !

OUR COUNTRY MUST BE SAVED.

“ I WOULD live—oh ! forever, my beautiful one,

On the side of the world that is turned to the sun !

Thy warm love in my heart—thy sweet smiles in my dreams—

A life like the sunlight, all golden with beams !

“ Like the exquisite rainbow, ecstatic and bright,

Each day of my being would fade in thy light ;

And all blessedness earthly, all rapture divine,

With my soul-adored Mary, would surely be mine !

“ But much as I love thy dear image—our home,

From which, for earth's wealth, I would sigh not to roam,

And much as I real felicity prize,
My poor bleeding country has still stronger
ties !

“ Oh ! wilt thou not smile on thy William
—bestow

A blessing, a kiss of adieu ;—bid him, go,
The first in brave arms for our Union to
stand,

In defence of our hallowed and free Native
Land ? ”

With the eloquent love-depth of woman's
blue eyes,

His blooming and innocent Mary replies—
“ Oh, go, dearest William ! your country
defend !

Your life—aye, and all, we to God can
commend ! ”

For our country's defence, Constitution
and Laws—

Its Government—Union—the right of our
cause !

He went, where the banner of Star-Span-
gled fame
Waves its glory, to battle, in Liberty's
name !

For Union, and Freedom, and Country, to
wield
The sword that his grandsire made bare in
the field,
When, old Seventy-Six, on its Fourth of
July,
Pealed our grand Independence in joy to
the sky !

God shield him and bless him, rebellion
put down !
Return him, his loved one and children to
crown !
God save our true country, united, unleft !
Bless its faithful defenders—the homes
they have left !

THE SOLDIER LOVER.

SHE gazed into his face with smiles,
 Unconscious of their fascination,
 The spirit that his thought beguiles,
 No longer calms his meditation :
 His soul is roused, by passion deep—
 Love, that its hallowed bliss entrances ;
 His heart could not the secret keep,
 While he returned her virgin glances !

The secret of his love's revealed,
 He loved her more than power that's
 human,
 The future of his life is sealed,
 Henceforth to be wrapt up with woman !
 He loved her for her form and mind,
 He loved her for her smiles and beauty,
 Her innocence and charms refined,
 And love, full soon, becomes a duty !

He kissed her hand, he kissed her brow,
 He kissed her cheek, he kissed her
 roses !

He clasped her, with the holiest vow
 That love upon the heart imposes !
 It was no whispered moon-light-love—
 It was a love, clear and outspoken ;
 Yet witness were the stars above,
 Its pledge was never to be broken !

The rolling sounds of rebel strife
 Came from the South—his sword, he
 girded,
 And rushed to meet, fearless of life,
 The traitors 'gainst his country herded ;
 But camp, nor drill, nor battle-plain,
 Nor picket-guard, nor midnight rover,
 Could not erase from his wild brain,
 The dreams that tell the frantic lover !

RISE, FREEMEN, IN YOUR MIGHT.

HARK ! hear ye not the signal-gun ?
 The battle-shout—the victory won ?
 Have treason and disunion's shame,
 Been put down, in Columbia's name ?
 Has armed rebellion forced its way ?
 Or Union, Freedom won the day ?

Rise, freemen, in your might to stand,
Armed to defend your hallowed land !
Would ye see where the cannon jars,
The victory of the "Stripes and Stars !"
Ye must be moved with courage—hear
Your country call ! your country cheer !

Oh ! in its many a crimsoned tale,
Dark history itself would fail,
To tell the horror and disgust,
Which loathe his mean and coward-dust,
Who, for cursed bribe of power or gold,
His country's priceless freedom sold !

Ages shall hold in bitter scorn,
The wretch, so ignominious born,
And vilely reared, as to forget,
For self, his country,—sadder yet,
His memory, who supinely stands,
And seals her death with folded hands !

Our country's rocks and mountains cry—
"Strike, strike for Liberty or die !"
Mount Vernon, rescued from decay,
Pleads for our arms and war-array !

Almighty God ! Oh, nerve the brave,
With heart and might, our land to save !

THE BANNER OF THE SUN.

WHILE our beautiful Flag, is the Banner
of Stars,

Oh ! is it not, also, the Banner of Hea-
ven ?

The eloquent sun, on *that Starry*
Our loved sun,

Writes the glory, which God to its radi-
ance has given !

There is not a spot, happy sunbeams il-
lume—

There is not a shore, where the day
shines in bliss—

There is not a realm, where the sun creates
bloom—

That our free Flag has not the whole
world's sunny kiss !

Hail, ensign of peace and my country !
 thou art

The Banner of Freedom, of Truth, and
 the Sun !

As well as the Stars,—O, dear Flag of my
 heart !

Beneath thee, what triumphs of light
 may be won !

Love, Justice, and Mercy, thy gorgeousness
 frame ;

Enlightenment, Science, and Know-
 ledge, that light

The world with warm smiles—in pledged
 tenderness flame,

On the Standard of Liberty, Union, and
 Right !

Toil, day-circled toil, laves in gladness his
 wings,

Where Columbia's Pennant of victory
 waves !

Each farmer, mechanic, each working man
 sings,

Each seaman whose courage the ocean-
 tide braves !

Yes, Star-Spangled Banner! thou, too, of
the sun

Art the semblance,—what glory and
freedom belong
To thee, from day's jubilant firmament
won—

Oh! thou art the banner of sunshine
and song!

All that's bright and magnificent, sacred
and true,

All that's brave and magnanimous, clas-
sic, sublime,

Has in thy felicitous red, white, and blue,
Poetic existence—the sun-birth of time!

Famed Flag of my country! in hallowed-
ness, shine,

In peace, noble peace, thou art sweetly
endeared!

To patriotism, a symbol divine—

In war, ever holy, and justly revered!

From the heaven-kissing hills to the hea-
ven-kissed vales,

Shall Columbia's freedom-born millions
defend,

Against every traitor-reared foe that as-
sails—

Thy glory, while shouts to the glad skies
ascend !

Education, illumined mind, culture refined ;
Humanity's destiny, freedom and power,
Redemption and glory—the hopes of man-
kind—

Where thou wavest, the footsteps of en-
terprise flower !

Firm Patriotism, Integrity, Worth—

Sweet poesy's magic—the Eden of love,
And eloquence of sublime grandeur and
birth,

Are all, in thy colors, inspiringly wove !

True talent and genius, invention and art,
Philantropy, Brotherhood-Union, made
one,

Claim one Banner of Stars—one fair Flag
of the heart—

And hail thee, the Banner of truth and
the sun !

HAIL COLUMBIA!

HAIL! Columbia! Land of light!
Beautiful, romantic, bright;
More enchanting and sublime
Than the glorious olden time;
Gemmed with fairer flowers of gold
Than the classic realms of old;
Still thy lays and smiles impart—
Oh! thou hast the freeman's heart!

Hail! thou Union of the brave!
Still thy Starry Banner wave,
Proud in triumph of the day,
Which in Heaven's divine array,
Gave thy independence birth!
Mayst thou shine and honor earth,
Long as are revered by men,
Franklin, Washington, and Penn!

Long as from thy rivers, lakes,
Song in giant gladness breaks—
Long as thy Niagara's heard,
Or thy realms two oceans gird;
While thou hast old Plymouth rock,
Or one bard of Pilgrim-stock,

While thy western waters bound,
Be thy bosom, hallowed ground !

In thy mighty forests dwell
Eloquence and music's spell !
Plumed with glory like the sun,
Are thy wilds from darkness won !
May the wealth of mind invest
Every summit of thy breast—
Labor in thy valleys bloom,
And thy harvest fields illumine !

Grandeur, majesty, and power,
In thy streams and mountains tower !
All thy scenery is vast—
God thy destiny hath cast !
Oh ! be thou, the noble land,
Where the minstrel's hopes expand,
And the Muses' happy reign
Shall to heights of joy attain !

With thy Flag of Stars unfurled—
Hope and Freedom to the world !
Radiant as the sky above,
With thy homes of joy and love—

Hail ! thou Union of the free !
 May thy millions cherish thee !
 Heaven thy sunny charms increase—
 Health be to thy smiling peace !

Patriotism's truth and shrine,
 Liberty and worth are thine ;
 Meek religion guards the shores,
 Where thy lofty eagle soars !
 But should war or treason lower,
 All thy sons would rise in power—
 Wave thy Starry Flag on high,
 And rejoice for thee to die !

THE SWORD WITH GOD'S BLESSING.

O GOD of our father's ! supremely adored,
 Our Refuge, and Fortress, and Rock,
 and strong Tower !
 With tears, we thy blessing invoke on the
 sword,
 Which we wield in defence of our coun-
 try this hour !

Blot out all our national sins, gracious
Lord,
And let fall on our armies, thy conquer-
ing power !
Endue us with bravery, wisdom, and
might,
To stand for sweet Liberty, Union, and
Right !

A sky beaming rapture, a day shedding
peace,
To our country thou long hast imparted
in love ;
But should merciless war rock our hills,
shall we cease
To think, act, and trust, in our Father
above ?
In our leaders and rulers, thy Spirit in-
crease,
And wise, in thy fear, may our govern-
ors prove !
The righteousness give us, which firmly
possessed,
Exalteth a nation, and maketh it blest !

The land of our heart-love—our dear Na-
tive land !

Sublime as the cloud-propping moun-
tains enthroned ;

This Union, which should every free heart
expand—

Alas ! can it be by its children disowned ?
Oh wipe out the evil of bondage ! the
brand

Of Confederate treason and guilt un-
atoned—

Rebellion, disunion, secession efface !
The palmetto serpent-flag, born for dis-
grace !

Thou God of our patriot-worship—thou
God

Of our patriot-sires ! with omnipotence
shield,

This Union—the cost of our forefathers'
blood—

This Union, with Washington's blessing,
life-sealed !

Oh ! the soul, which in Seventy-six warmed
the good,
Impart to the brave, who their bosoms
have steeled,
In defence of this Union—earth's glory
and joy—
Which cowardly traitors are sworn to de-
stroy !

Alas ! for the treason, disloyalty, shame,
That on part of our nation have villainy
cast !

But the Stars on our Banner unsullied
shall flame,
If thou be our strength as in years that
are past !

Our Flag has no stain on its star-spangled
fame !

Hallelujahs ascend where it floats from
the mast !

Bless our good Constitution, our Freedom
and Laws—

With peace—with prosperity, crown thou
our cause !

OUR PEERLESS REPUBLIC.

LIKE a paradise of roses,
Like Heaven's starred or sunny dome,
Is the land where peace reposes—
Toil and virtue find a home !

Has the cottage-home of meekness
Joy upon Columbia's breast?
It is not, a sign of weakness,
When we love our country best !

O ! our Union-Land, above thee
There is not a land on earth !
For thy equal laws we love thee—
Popular Government and worth !

Scenes of eloquence and beauty
Meet the eye on every hand ;
Worth, intelligence, and duty,
Grace thy freedom, happy land !

Victory crown thy sons, when braving
Danger in defence of thee,
Where thy Starry Banner's waving
O'er the noble, brave, and free !

See our country all around us
 Teeming with the gifts of God !
 Popular Government has crowned us,
 With renown, at home, abroad !

Land of song and adoration !
 May the deeds that hallow thee,
 All in blest commemoration
 Of thy Independence be !

Patriotism's in the story
 Of thy Union and renown !
 Popular Government, thy glory—
 Well may Stars thy Banner crown !

THE LAND OF MY HEART.

HAIL ! Land of Franklin and Washington !
 Thy happiness, in the gorgeous sun,
 Is miniatures like the smiling of May—
 Thy liberty shines in the golden day :
 Long may thy Starred Banner wave o'er
 thee,
 And thou be the home of the brave and
 free !

Beautiful, glorious land of my heart !
 The charms and blessings thou canst impart,
 In song, with thy triumphs, shall be enshrined,
 A sacred mission's to thee assigned,
 To give thy independence, and birth
 Of freedom and knowledge to the earth !

Land of poesy ! land of romance !
 On thee—Oh, 'tis ecstasy to glance !
 Thy scenery's magic, thy lakes and founts—
 Thy mighty rivers—majestic mounts—
 Accord with thy realms, extended wide
 From ocean to ocean in brilliant pride !

Land of eloquence ! land of the West !
 Toil, patriotism, true worth, guard thy
 breast !

Land of piety, virtue, and truth—
 Bright, hallowed land of my birth, home,
 and youth—

Like thy Niagara, Union sublime !
 Be thou, the wonder and anthem of time !

LOVE UNDER A WAR CLOUD.

“ I’LL think of thee, thou dream of light,
Of rosy innocence and flowers !
Thy love shall keep my memory bright,
When I am where the war cloud lowers !”

Thus spake the stalwart, minstrel-youth,
Then bade adieu her eyes of bliss—
Rapture, confusion, love, and truth,
All mingled in their last dear kiss !

Like lovers sigh their hearts away,
He sighed,—but joined, with soul of
pride,
The hosts of Freedom’s bright array,
And rushed where rolled the battle-tide !

A bright—ah ! no, a dark, dark dream,—
The mountain-fires of Liberty !
Blazed up to heaven, a bonfire-stream—
God gave his country, victory !

But he, a prisoner, dragged along,
A mark for traitor-spite and scorn,

Is dungeoned, with a bleeding throng
None, none to pity, soothe, or mourn !

The music waves of air and light,
That foulsome dungeon entered not—
O, God ! it was a loathesome sight,
For Freemen in those cells to rot !

Wounded he with his comrades lies—
While blood-pools slant along the floor ;
God help him, when the morning skies
Bring his tormentors to the door !

They taunt him—ah ! the perjured knaves,
They mock his chains, his wounds, his
scars—

They boast their cotton and their slaves,
And curse the hallowed Stripes and
Stars !

But cruelty, itself, grows kind,
When long in contact with the brave ;
The traitor-heart and rebel-mind,
Way to the prisoners' comfort gave.

Their treatment harsh, they did reverse,
 Their bitter hatred, disavowed,
 Consenting, that a prison nurse
 And surgeon might be ~~by~~ them allowed.

One morn, a beauteous stranger came
 To act the nurse's tender part;
 Oh! say—oh! say, what was her name?
 Who wept and clasped her to his heart?

How come she there? God heard her
 prayer?
 Through dangers sped her angel-way,
 His own dear seraph-one! Oh, rare
 The joy that marked that happy day!

THE INAUGURATION.*

HAIL! Chieftain of my Native State!
 Thou choice of patriot millions, hail!

* This piece is intended to show what a Presidential Inauguration should be, and has not reference to any that has been.

Born to be great, to rule the great,
 And strike the recreant pale !
 Thy country's grandeur and defence—
 Heaven smiles on thy pre-eminence !
 In thee, the People's hearts shall beat,
 And faction die beneath thy feet !
 Well may the Union of the Free
 Repose its highest trust in thee !
 Well may, Columbia from her shrines
 And altars—crowning Freedom's lands ;
 Attest the wisdom, that assigns
 A nation's glory in thy hands !

From green New England's granite hills—
 From Pennsylvania's gushing rills—
 From Empire State—from Monument
 Of Seventy-Six—from Flag besprent
 With Stars of Freedom's natal morn !
 From where her harp of hallowed strings
 Gives to her Union Lyrics tone ;
 From where her Independence rings !
 From where its Signers, too, were born,
 And where its Heroes, too, were known,
 They call thee, call thee to adorn
 A seat more glorious than a throne !

From where Atlantic billows roar
To vast Pacific's mountain-shore ;
From California's golden breast,
From sunny South, from luminous West,
From Mississippi's wilds of song,
From prairie-land and mountain-crown,
To where Niagara's giant throng
Of leaping waters thunder down !
Where'er the people's voice has come,
From rural life and city hum,
From farmer's home, mechanic's cot,
From vale and summit—every spot ;
From Washington's great sepulchre !
Civilian of my Native State !
A nation calls thee to confer
On thee her brightest, noblest son,
The honor, that inviolate,
Was once conferred on Washington !

Oh, may that brow of truth and law,
Which holds the very world in awe,
The wreath of Washington, well wear !
May Freedom plant her chaplets there,

And Peace and Liberty unite,
 In thee to keep forever bright
 The chains that do our Union bind !
 —I reverence thee, thou great in mind !
 For thou, by toil, didst win thy way,
 “ Self-made,” to what thou art to-day !

OUR COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

COMPOSED ON THE THREATENED INTERVENTION OF
 EUROPE.

OH, the patriot's heart has its freedom-
 devotions,
 While cherishing bravery, valor, and
 worth !
 The deepest and grandest of human emo-
 tions,
 Is love for the country which gave us
 our birth !
 Conviction of duty for war has arrayed us,
 'Twas valor, first won our blest freedom
 and fame !

Bold soldiers, conviction of duty has made
us,
For war-field and danger, strong manli-
ness claim !

While the ranks of the traitor-hosts,
crushed, fall before us,
With our country, our Union—the ral-
lying cry !

Shall our Star-Spangled Banner, in tri-
umph, wave o'er us,
Adorned with the red, white, and blue
of the sky ?

But one object, one thought, our dear
country engages,

In its agonized struggle for national life !
While long, loud, and awful, the fierce
battle rages—

To be freer and purer, when peace ends
the strife !

The contest's for good—let us struggle to
end it !

Few were the brave sires, that our Lib-
erty gained—

But many are we, who are armed to defend
it—

The Union, it must be—it shall be main-
tained !

Let us rise in supremacy, majesty, glory,
In defence of our country, omnipotent
stand !

Let us rise, and at once end the dolorous
story

Of the infamy, ruin, and wrong, in our
land !

To be bondmen, and breathe in submission
to traitors—

To perpetuate slavery's darkness, and
nurse

Of rebellion, the horrible, foul instigators,
Good God ! but our shame would de-
serve the world's curse !

Let England—all Europe, like England, so
royal—

Recognise so degraded a villainous
power—

To slavery, cotton, and knaves, only loyal,
 What! to royalty, headed by fools, shall
 we cower?

Let a Rex aristocracy sanction pollutions—
 That once of the poor Negro slave talked
 so good!

Shall for a slaveocracy's vile prostitutions,
 Our green hills and valleys be covered
 with blood?

No, Columbia's sublime declaration im-
 mortal

Of Seventy-Six on our Banner shall
 glow!

In Freedom's defence, we will guard every
 portal,

And slave-power-reared monarchy crush
 with a blow!

While new arts and inventions, our land
 shall enlighten,

Foster genius and talent — illumining
 mind;

While ages on ages, its glory shall bright-
en—

The glory that Freedom bequeaths to
mankind ;

The songs, which the bard to his country-
men tenders,

The pages, which speak, the historian
calm—

Our country's true, brave, and enlightened
defenders,

In its Union of hearts, shall forever em-
balm !

THE BULL RUN PANIC.

AN ODE OF APPEAL AFTER THE REVERSE AT MA-
NASSAS.

BORN of Freedom, and descended

From brave, patriot hero-sires,

Shall our country be defended,

When it our defence requires ?

Shall our land of sunny beauty,

Treason-rent and traitor-ruled,

See its sons forget their duty,
Toil-renowned and courage-schooled?

Like a mountain's shade, reposing
In the dewy calm of Eve,
Like a meady vale, disclosing
Charms that Eden might deceive—
Long its peace has smiled unbroken
From its love illumined throne!
But when war's loud trump has spoken,
Shall our worth, our power be known?

Shall the exile, and the stranger,
And the brave from foreign strand,
Occupy the front of danger—
Guardians of our freedom stand?
In the crimson tide of battle,
Erin's sons pour out their blood?
And our sons, like cowards, prattle
Peace, and talk of brotherhood?

Truce, with rebels—peace with traitors,
Who to burn our country rage!
Cruel, bloody desecraters
Of God's goodly heritage!

Perjurers, liars, nauseous dealers
 In the flesh and blood of men !
 —Men-and-women, children-stealers—
 Peace, with slavery's auction-pen !

Shall the South impress her masses ?
 Arm the Indian and her slaves ?
 Mask the batteries of Manassas ?
 Welcome us to coward graves ?
 Shall the Bull Run panic teach us,
 Courage should with prudence blend ?
 Or, disasters new impeach us ?
 Shall we more on heaven depend ?*

Half-a-world our Union covers—
 Huzza for our country's might !
 Shall our Eagle proud, that hovers
 O'er us, hide his plumes in night ?

* Were we a boy again, and asked, "What is a Sabbath day's journey?" we would answer, "From Bull Run to Washington." May we never have to record another "panic," preceded by a desecration of the "Sabbath."

Shall our Starry Banner's glory,
 In the dust be trailed and torn ?
 Where is Seventy-Six's story ?
 Are we free or coward-born ?

Nay, Columbia ! thy true heroes,
 Freemen born, thy fame shall save,
 From the cotton slave-power Neroes,
 Who have tried to dig thy grave !
 And, when the sublime ordeal
 Of thy trial's past all doubt,
 Thy dear freedom shall be real—
 Slavery's curse be blotted out !

POWER IN THE PEOPLE.

AH ! is there, Fellow Freemen, say
 A royalty in human clay ?
 That kings should wield an iron rod,
 And nations kiss its hated power ;
 Aye, nations that should own but God,
 Crouch, trembling at a monarch's nod,
 Before a nauseous despot cower !

I wouldn't give a peppercorn,
 For all the princes ever born,
 However robed, enthroned, or crowned,
 However titled and renowned !
 If man was formed on earth to rule,
 He was not made to be a "*fool*."

The greatest curiosity,
 Is a blush on the face of royalty,
 Hiding its animosity
 To plain American loyalty.
 Power in the People,—that's the dread
 Of lords and tyrants,—be it said
 That power should in the people dwell,
 And all the *aristocracy-swell*
 Cries "*Mud-sills ! Mud-sills !*" "*'Twill*
not do"—
 "Power should be only with the *few*."

Welcome the exiles to thy breast,
 Columbia, give them homes of rest !
 Thy Government, so free and blest
 For years, has been a vital test

Of power safe in the People's keeping :

The simultaneous, universal,
Unanimous, and free upleaping

Of thy true sons, needs no rehearsal !

Now, when thy Government's defence,

Requires their arms ! Intelligence

Has taught them, the omnipotence

Of Freedom, Union, Brotherhood !

That they, who would in fire and blood,

Sink thy green, lovely plains, and nurse

Of slavery the withering curse !

Must from the " People," hide their guile,

Deeds, principles, and motives vile,

And hoist a Flag, with traitor-bars—

Not true Columbia's " Stripes and Stars."

Land of the free, the brave, and great !

Thy noble millions educate,

And power shall in thy People be,

A golden light to keep thee free !

Thy magnanimity extend

To Africa's wronged children—blend

The prudent mind with courage, truth,

And justice, and thy gifted youth

Shall have warm cause to bless thy
name !

Absent is no Divinity,*

If thoughtful prudence present be,
Where goodness, worth, and courage bloom
—A Union of delight—from whom
Thy Union, Freedom, greatness, came !

THE CALIBER OF THE MAN.

“THE knot which is hard to untie,
Is about to be cut by the sword,”†
And our nation’s future, unveiled to the
eye,
Shall soon shine forth adored ;
But let us wisely plan,
And the victory shall be won ;
More depends on the caliber of the man,
Than the caliber of the gun.

Hail, Union of Washington, hail !
Thou hast thy McClellan and Scott—

* A Greek maxim.

† Sumner.

More sure to thy cause, which can never
fail,

Than huge, round, red-hot shot :

Our land, with those to plan,

Shall be from vile thralldom won ;

More depends on the caliber of the man,

Than the caliber of the gun.



RALLYING SONG.

COME, sturdy mechanics, from work-shop
and village,

Enroll in defence of your country, ye
braves ;

Come, resolute farmers—come, leave land
and tillage,

Resistless in number, in force like the
waves !

Homes by the rivers grand,

Rise for your Native Land—

Gird on the sword—for the battle stand
out,

Rifle and bayonet now,
Needed as plane and plow,

Call for the yeomen and working men's
shout !

Advance where the Star-Spangled Banner
is flaming—

Let tempests of iron be rained on the
foe !

The might and the right of our freedom
proclaiming,

Till the victory's won, strike ye blow
upon blow !

Prudence and courage blend—

Home-thrusts and charges send

Into the traitor-ranks—strike where most
felt !

Firm as the mountain height,

Daring the whirlwind's might—

King-Cotton-rebels, before you shall melt !

The Government-weapons no longer shall
slumber,

But flash out on the sky—Oh, awake,
men, awake !

Rise—shoulder arms!—hurry your files
into number,

A bulwark of bosoms the foe cannot
break!

Come from the vale and hill,

Come from the loom and mill,

Come from deep forest, from hamlet and
town,

Come from the ocean-coast,

Freedom's great battle-host!

Flock 'round your standard—rebellion put
down!

Shall the words of the brave or the coward
be spoken,

When the war-cannon's shock thunders
death on the plain?

Ah! talk not of peace when our Union is
broken—

Without Union and Liberty, peace would
be vain!

No, come from the nation's heart,

All of your might impart—

Arm for your country,—stand strong in
 your place,
 Till her just laws, restored,
 No longer ask the sword—
 Peace smiles immortal in Freedom's em-
 brace !

THE DEATH OF LYON.

“SOLDIERS, one word—a word to you—
 Stand, stand erect, stainless and true !
 Without reproach, or heat, or fear,
 The charge and shouts of battle hear !
 Falter in presence of the foe,
 With fear or coward shame ?—ah, no !
 That you can never do, my boys,
 Remember home and household joys ;
 Your sweethearts ! mothers ! sisters, all !
 And that it is your country's call,
 Which brought you here to stand or fall !

Go, make the heart of Freedom glad—
 The part and honor of the brave
 Be yours to act, this day ! Go wave
 Our Stars,—God bless you, every lad !”

With words, like these, his men to fire,
 The gallant, dashing Lyon, stood,
 And faced the lowering storm of blood,
 When and where burned most fierce in ire,
 The conflagration tide of war !
 His manly form is seen to dash—
 Hark ! hark ! the cannon's booming crash !
 Is that a slight wound, or a scar
 For future fame ?—he scarcely heeds—
 Alas ! the mighty Lyon bleeds—
 His spirit from the mould has fled !
 Wail, wail ye hosts that loved him, wail !
 Your Banners craped in mourning wave !
 Lyon, the bravest of the brave !
 War's arrowy sleet and iron hail,
 Have told the sad and tearful tale—
 Lyon, the noble Lyon, dead !

To break the traitor's tyrant power,
 O, martyred one ! thy dying hour
 Had Heaven, and earth, and glory's seal !
 When loyalty shall (with appeal

To thy bright courage, name, and fame,)
 Its signature to Freedom place,
 In lines that time cannot efface,

The muse shall to thy memory frame
 A verse more lofty and sublime !

Ah ! it were sadly sweet to rhyme,
 The tears shed at thy funeral pall !
 Thy country's sorrow at thy fall !

The incident, most worthy pen,

Or, harp of bard the " Heroine *
 Of Springfield " guarding thy remains,
 From brutal, sacrilegious men—

Profane, inhuman, steeped in sin !
 On the red battle-field, where veins

* Mrs. Phelps, the wife of Col. John F. Phelps, of a loyal Missouri Regiment. This lady, who resides near Springfield, Missouri, after the battle of Wilson's Creek, while her husband was absent upon duty, during the night, guarded from cowardly and ruffianly sacrilege the body of Gen. Lyon in possession of the rebels, and brought it in safety to her residence. The reader will find a Poem founded on this incident, in the second volume which the Author purposes shortly to publish.

Still poured out blood—while heaven above,
 As though in pity and in love
 To veil blood, carnage, wounds, and scars,
 Hung out the Banner of her Stars !

Associations, thrilling, grand,
 Shall link thy memory with the land,
 For which thou didst a hero live—
 A hero die ! Who would be like
 Great Lyon, must a hero stand !
 In Freedom's name, for Freedom strike
 In Lyon's name, for Union give
 Heart, soul, and life, mind, strength and
 hand !
 A Freeman and a patriot be—
 The brave alone are truly free !

BALL'S BLUFF.

“ SADDEN not, soldiers, the dear land that
 loves you !
 Physical courage, and courage of heart,

Be in this dark hour of danger that proves
you—

O, my bold countrymen, act now your
part !

As the shores beat back the waves of the
deep,

Hurl back the traitors to covert of
shame ;

'The dear' land that loves you shall grati-
tude weep—

Posterity's blessings shall rest on your
name !”

Thus spake the brave Baker, and cheered
on his men,

Though he knew, that he never should
lead them again !

Like a thunderbolt from the burning sky,
Flamed and flashed his glad sword,
spread his countenance while,
With Union and Liberty in his bright
eye—

“My men, are you ready ?” he cried,
with a smile !

“Bound for our country to conquer or
fall—

Arms to us, Freeman, are righteously
given!

Ah! 'twould be hallowed to lose life and
all,

And bleed in the holiest cause under
Heaven!”

Land of perennial beauty and light!

Cherish thy Union with all its fair
Stars—

Thy heroes, thy martyrs, thy liberty-
scars!

—Thy national wisdom, and spirit, and
might,

Of treason, shall wipe out the infamy,
shame!—

Of the names on thy history's page that
are bright,

The name of thy Baker, is stainless and
white,

And the record of Ball's Bluff, shall
shine with that name!

THE TOMB OF WINTHROP.

Go thou, and mark where heroes bled !
The blood, for hallowed Freedom shed,
From patriotism's veins,
Alone is worthy earth's domain—
All other blood is shed in vain,
Or, for inglorious chains !

Go, where the battles have been fought,
That have the wrecks and changes wrought
Of destiny and time !
Empire, and dynasty, and throne—
Study humanity alone—
Her peace is more sublime !

Who fight for despotism's meed—
For dungeons and for gibbets bleed—
Win with their tyrants shame !
Who bare their breasts, their homes to
save,
And shed the life-blood of the brave—
Live in their country's fame !

Oh, glorious in the golden sun,
Old Bunker Hill and Lexington,
Shine with their patriot-graves,

While o'er their radiant, green ascents,
Their mound and marble monuments,
Our Starry Banner waves !

'Tis Liberty, and Truth, and Right,
Alone can make, revered and bright,
The ensign stained with gore !
The bravery, world-renowned—the field,
Where booming, horrid cannon pealed,
With death-crash in its roar !

Were wars alone for Freedom's cause—
Home, Independence, Country, Laws,
And Truths, high-heaven-adored !
To tramp accursed oppression down—
Love, even love would smile—not frown
Upon the reeking sword !

But slavery's brutal wrongs and chains—
The night, which dregs the soul and drains
Humanity of worth,
Require the sword ;—far more divine—
The *Gospel's light*, true power can shrine,
Whose *truth, is Freedom's birth !*

Heroes invincible have bled,
 Nobles their blood for princes shed,
 For what did Winthrop bleed?
 —To break the fetters from the slave!
 A hero's death, a patriot's grave,
 Are his—a martyr's meed!

Winthrop, the scholar—heart-refined
 Philanthropist—how bright mankind
 And liberty were in
 His golden silence, silver speech!
 Now dead, his grave shall *Freedom preach*,
 The *cause*, he bled to win!

Columbia—dear united land!
 That power thy greatness may expand
 And worth and valor bloom,
 Thou need'st no monumental pile,
 To teach thy brave to toil and smile,
 While thou hast Winthrop's tomb!

PATRIOTISM.

Go, visit the ancient burial ground
 Of thy sires beloved, and shed patriot-
 tears,
 On every hallowed and lovely mound,
 Which the waste of decaying time re-
 veres !

Go, visit the spot, where thy sires repose,
 The duties thou owest thy country feel !
 In the twilight hour—day's dusky close,
 O'er the graves of thy ancestors, pray-
 erfully kneel !

Oh ! piety, virtue, and filial love,
 Have sweetest life in the patriot-breast !
 And eloquent as the skies above,
 Are the bosoms, with home and country
 impressed !

The vales that smile in the sunny bloom
 Of May, to the freeman, must be dear,
 When the rays, that his native shores il-
 lume,
 Shine joyfully in the heart and clear !

THE GIFT OF TEARS.

“ONE glance into that heart of thine,
Has made me love thee, more than life!
I will be thine, if thou be mine,
Say, wilt thou be my wife?”
Thus, questioned the fond lover-youth
His own adored one, patriot-truth
Smiled fervently in her reply,
The heart is mirrored in the eye!

“A soul of grandeur and of fire
Dost thou possess—a courage brave?
And canst thou lay aside thy lyre,
And for thy country wave
The Stars and Stripes? leave love and
home,
And wield the sword till peace shall come,
The harbinger of bluer skies,
With love and sunlight in her eyes?”

—Ho! when the battle-cry alarm,
Comes from the hosts in dread defile—
What more can nerve the warrior's arm
Than woman's holy smile?

Woman, dear woman—oh ! her power—
 How strong, how firm, in danger's hour !
 A glory, couched in deeds—not vain
 And idle words—her love can gain !

—“Take, take this sword, I'll add, no
 more !

Take it, it is the gift of tears !
 The red, red war is at our door,”

Her soft adieu he hears !
 Like electricity, in fact
 Humanity's best instincts act,
 He seized the sword, rushed to the war,
 And made true love his battle-star !

FREEDOM AND COUNTRY.

THE rivers, lakes, and mountains,
 Of our Native Land, how bright !
 The summits, vales, and fountains,
 Around its homes of light !
 But what is all their beauty
 Or grandeur, if divine

And patriotic duty,
Has in the breast no shrine ?

Nature's gigantic wonders,
In vain our shores sublime ;
In vain Niagara thunders,
The transport of old time !
In vain our prairies blossom,
In vain our cities tower,
If Freedom in the bosom,
If country has no power !

Oh ! language should be spoken,
From sunny heart to heart,
Affection's charms, unbroken,
Sweet eloquence impart !
But, what is history's story,
The bard or statesman's fire,
If patriotism's glory
Wreathes not the hallowed lyre ?

In vain, our country laving,
On each side may stretch the sea,
If no Starry Flag be waving
O'er the noble and the free !

Or, if truth's adoration—
 If Liberty's embrace,
 And home, and land, and nation,
 Have in the heart no place!

THE MAGIC OF LOVE.

OH, 'tis love bringeth light
 To our beautiful earth!

Oh, 'tis love maketh bright
 Every charm that has birth!

Oh, 'tis love maketh glad
 Every sunbeam of bliss!

Oh, 'tis love, sunny-clad,
 Oh, 'tis love's Eden-kiss—

Which can ecstasy, fondness, and magic
 impart,

To home and affection—the youth of the
 heart!

Oh, 'tis love yieldeth bowers
 Of moonlight and song!

Oh, 'tis love wingeth hours
 That music prolong!

Oh, 'tis love's rainbow-truth,
That the bard lives to sing !

Oh, 'tis love that to youth,
Is of virtue the spring !

Oh, 'tis love, rosy, exquisite love, that im-
bowers,
The world and the heart in an Eden of
flowers !

Oh, 'tis love, throbbing love,
Giveth birth to romance !

Oh, 'tis love from above,
In woman's dear glance !

Lendeth life its warm ties,
And the bosom unbars—
Her true smiles and dark eyes
Like the eloquent stars !

And all things, enchanting, below and
above,

Wear the magic of sweet, trancing, inno-
cent love !

Oh, 'tis love-stars inwove
Make our Banner so grand !

Oh, for love's sake, we love
 Our own free Native land !
 Oh, 'tis love, sweet as Heaven,
 Oh 'tis love's melting charms,
 To our smiling ones given,
 Call the brave now to arms !
 And when patriotism has triumphed o'er
 wrong,
 —The Magic of Love shall again be our
 song !

OUR DEAR UNION LAND.

OUR dear Union Land—oh ! our dear
 Union Land !
 How grateful to Heaven for its smiles we
 should be !
 Its mountains and rivers, majestic and
 grand,
 Its realms so beautiful, golden, and free,
 Extending from ocean to ocean sublime,
 The transport, and glory, and wonder of
 time !

100 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

Oh ! our dear Union Land—how to love
its green shores,

Our hearts should be kindled with patriot-fire !

The true-hearted minstrel his country
adores—

Her history's charms, ever dance on his
lyre !

The freeman's rejoicing, his heart and his
hand,

Are all in his hallowed and dear Native
Land !

Our dear Union Land—oh ! its blossoms
and flowers,

Its scenery, grandeur, and sunshine and
bloom,

Its songs and its fountains, its forests and
bowers,

Its skies, and the summits and vales they
illumine,

Have a magic divine !—oh, no land is so
bright,

As our birth-land, where home lends its
rainbows of light !

Our dear Union Land—may its Union of
 States,
 All hallowed, and cherished, and guard-
 ed, promote
 One union of hearts—oh, what triumph
 awaits
 Its future! its destiny!—every sweet
 note
 Of Liberty, teaches her brave to revere,
 The Union Republic to Washington dear!

The Union—our Union—'tis Freedom's
 bequest!
 All glorious and luminous, trancing and
 fair!
 Republic of Washington! Land of the
 West!
 What lands with its vastness and beauty
 compare,
 'Tis our dear Union Land—'tis our dear
 Union Land,
 Which causes the bosom with joy to ex-
 pand.

THE SOLDIER'S BETROTHED.

SHE was a sweet May-hearted girl,
Full of home-duty, love, and light;
In every blush, and smile, and curl,
Shone something artless, true, and
bright.

The snows were not more lily-white,
Or, rosy-red the flowers that bloom,
Than her young hopes, that knew no
blight,
Her days, that knew no cloud of gloom.

And she, with one did often rove,
Where blossoms told the moon-light kiss,
And every whisper was of love,
Of love, with nought to mar its bliss!
One dream, the world could not dis-
miss—

The "heart's truth," was her bosom-theme,
Her soul was centred all in this,
Affection was her spirit-dream!

She loved—but he, so dear and pure
To her young heart was called away,

His country's dangers to endure,
Where traitor-foes, in fierce array,
Prompt the wild, awful battle-fray—
Mingling cursed yells and terrors mad !
She smiled, but was no longer gay,
For sorrow had her soul made sad !

At length, the mournful missive came,
That he, whose arms knew no defeat,
To guard his country's spotless fame,
Had made its Flag, his winding sheet !
Oh, how her maiden breast did beat,
What anguish-throbs, its suffering told,
Reason dethroned, forsook its seat,
Her mind grew wandering, dark, and cold.

And when the moon and stars out-stole—
To glade and fount their silver gave—
Where oft she with her love did stroll,
She wandered, and would smiling wave
The spangled Banner of the brave—
Kiss the striped folds that wrapt his scars,
And fancy that her lover's grave,
Was covered with its heaven-born Stars !

OH! THE BRAVE! THE BRAVE!

AN ODE ON THE FORT DONELSON AND BURNSIDE
VICTORIES.

OH! the brave! the brave!

How the world shall shrine their glory;
The brave on ocean's wave,
The brave that have found a grave,
The brave of our country's story!
The Stars that on our Banner shine,
Their memory shall insphere divine,
Till heaven's whole outspread arch shall be
One Starry Banner o'er the free!

For the brave, who bled

In freedom's name;

For the brave, who led

Their hosts to fame—

The charms of eloquence, fire of song,
To the bard—historian belong;

And our "Union Stripes and Stars"—

O, peerless Banner of the free,
Shall wave o'er the world-encircling sea—

The ocean-girdled earth !
While Heaven smiles *on the Atlantic*
ocean—

Kisses our country bright ;
Refers to Freedom's holy birth,
And crowns the cause of Right !

The hero-martyr, who to save
Our Union on the war-plain lies,
How blest ! how blest the hero's grave !
The patriot, who still lives to wave
Our Union-Banner to the skies.
Oh ! the brave ! the brave !
The poetry of woman's eyes,
The smile and love of woman's heart,
Their passion-charms, for the brave in
arms—

For the brave in arms impart !

Anglo America ! thou well
(With Washington to crown
Thy fame) mayst cherish as the stars
Thy heroes and renown !
Thy Bunker Hill, where Warren fell,
Thy Lexington, the first proud scars

Of thy dear Liberty retain !

Thy revolutionary braves,
Thy Scott of Lundy Lane !

Thy young McClellan that now waves
Thy standard, starred like Heaven's clear
brow !

Thy Burnside, Butler, Grant, and Wool,
Thy vigilant Rosencrans and Sigel,
And other bearers of thy Eagle !

And wrapt in death's peace-slumber now,
Thy Lyon, Baker, martyred braves !

Thy Ellsworth, young and beautiful !
—The Stars and Stripes, their shroud—
oh ! how

Posterity shall kiss their graves !
Nor less revered thy naval tars,
Dupont, Goldsborough, Stringham
Foote,

Who valor's seal to Freedom put—
God bless them ! may the Stripes and
Stars,

Wave o'er them, till glad Heaven shall
be

One stainless Banner o'er the free.

Oh ! the brave ! the brave !
Their patriot-worth God gave—
And soon shall Freedom's chariots rattle,
Triumphant from her fields of battle !

Oh ! the brave ! the brave !
All lands shall patriot-worth adore ;
Then earth shall have no slave—
For Freedom's torch, the sun shall be,
The stars, the Banner of the free !

Columbia ! by thy Union stand,
Protect thy Freedom, mighty land !
Put treason and rebellion down,
Thy patriots shield, thy heroes crown,
And love, with sunlight in his eyes,
Shall bless thy fruitful soil and skies !
Guard thy Republic—war may lower
But in the People plant thy power
When those, who rule, the People's choice,
Are echoes of the People's voice,
Well may the nation's heart rejoice !
The programme of our country's good,
Shall yet be marked and understood !

Who dare another call a slave?
 Soon Heaven's warm, sunny day shall be
 One outspread Banner o'er the free—
 Oh! "the brave! the brave!"

THE TAKING OF MANASSAS.

HUZZA for Freedom's battle,
 Huzza! huzza! huzza!
 On let us drive and rattle,
 Till we meet the crashing fray—
 Huzza for Freedom's battle!
 Huzza! huzza! huzza!

For the Stars and Stripes above us,
 Huzza! huzza! huzza!
 For the hearts and homes that love us,
 We seek the sanguine fray—
 For the Stars and Stripes above us,
 Huzza! huzza! huzza!

For Victory and Union,
 Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Bless God, we'll hold communion
 With our country's stars to-day
 For Victory and Union,
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

The whole world's eye is on us,
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
 Our cause is just—upon us
 Heaven smiles in joy this day !
 The whole world's eye is on us,
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

Our country shall caress us,
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
 Humanity shall bless us,
 For the part we act to-day
 Our country shall caress us,
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

Huzza for Freedom's battle !
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
 On let us crash and rattle,
 Till our bravery wins the day !
 Huzza for Freedom's battle !
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

But the stronghold of Manassas,
 What will Mason, Slidell say?
 —Or, the London Times?—huzza!
 The rebel traitor-masses
 Run like contrabands away,
 Can King Jeff rub his glasses,
 And boast “Bull Run affray?”

HATTERAS AND PORT ROYAL.

THE charge of the battle, the brilliant advance,
 Give fruit to true victory, *Freedom* expanse!
 The rage of war-thunderbolts rocking the shore,
 The onslaught, and fierceness of conflict are o’er!
 North Carolina, half freedom-born, queenly and calm,
 Takes the oath of allegiance to “*good Uncle Sam,*”

While her down-south half-sister, lets go
 spunk and pluck,
 And “*runs*” from her “*Negroes*”—the
best of good luck.

While poor “old Virginia,” awful in ire,
 Wasting grandeur and strength like a for-
 est on fire—
 Her “*First Families*” making “*Manas-*
sas” their post—
 Alas! South Carolina, all humbug and
 boast,
 Caring not if “*First Rebel*,” bad Lucifer,
 had
 Her “*statesmen and heroes*,” all housed
 with the “*bad!*”
 For a cotton-bale Government, bogus at
 that,
 Leaves her “*slaves*” with the “*Yankees*,”
 their *Freedom* to chat.

While Liberty’s upward and forward-borne
 aims,
 Progressive, exalted humanity’s claims,

Raise the merit of most revolutions, the
shame

And infamy, too foul and heartless for
name,

Of this cursed, inhuman rebellion mark out,
Backward, downward, to despotic bondage
the rout,

And would put back the hand on the dial
of time,

A thousand years,* darkened by murder
and crime!

O, land, true and peerless in beauty and
light!

O, land, just and fearless in glory and
might!

* "It has been the merit of other attempted revolutions that their motive at least was a reaching upward and forward after Liberty; it is the infamy of this that it is a reaching backward and downward after despotism. It would put back the hand on the world's dial a thousand years."

Address of Rev. G. Battelle, a prominent, leading member of the "Constitutional Convention of Western Virginia."

Hast thou not learned the truth, which all
foresight transcends—

That thy *very existence* on *Freedom de-*
*pend*s!

When national conscience, and spirit, and
power,

Shall give to thy Union, its conquering
hour,

How godlike the strength thy bright future
should wield—

A Nation, *United* and *Liberty-sealed*.



THE PATRIOT'S JOY.

THE golden light of the sunny skies,
Is shedding bloom for eloquent eyes,
On every beauty and glad presage,
Which enamelling gives to nature's page
The minstrelsy of the spring-time birds,
From the vocal atmosphere, that girds
Our beautiful world, breaks forth to pro
long

The mirthful magic of innocent song!

114 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

While the rosy, smiling, enchanting day,
Lends music to all that's bright and gay,
Let me walk forth, and with feeling glance,
View all things, rapt in a Sabbath-trance ;
And think how inspiring, charming, and
grand,

Is the scenery of my Native Land—
Where noble kindness and worth unite,
The strength of millions, in God's own
light !

The majesty of my country, I feel—
Its past and present have Liberty's seal !
And its future, robed in a Paradise sun,
And its glory—the glory of Washington !
Divine as Jehovah's merciful will,
Earth's realms of hope, with rejoicing shall
fill,

Till, the gratitude of the brave and free,
Be of every nation, the jubilee !

Long as the exiled, broken, and weak,
Its shores, an asylum from bondage seek,
My country's mountains, rivers, and lakes,
The joy, its Niagara's thunder awakes,

Its vales, and prairies, and evergreens,
Its meads and rivulets, groves and scenes,
Shall shine in the bloom of Elysian skies,
A Union of freedom and patriot ties!

O, patriotism! the pride of my breast,
Is that, thou art on its folds impressed!
That poesy and freedom are mine
With a cot and bower, that their bliss en-
shrine,
In a land, by toiling millions made great
Whose sacred rights are inviolate;
Where the Muse, her ravishment imparts,
The consecration of hallowed hearts!

My country—its peace and magnificence,
Are nursed in the smiles of Providence!
Its history, is one triumph sublime,
Its independence, the song of time!
Its birthday, and lyrics of Liberty born,
Are charms like the anthem of Heaven's
new morn,
While its banners of victory, unfurled,
Are the Stars, encircling a ransomed world!

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

O, GOD of our Fathers, forever the same,
 In truth and in goodness, in power and
 salvation,

All wisdom, and honor, and praise to thy
 name—

An anthem of Freedom, the hymn of our
 nation !

To thee, we would frame,
 With true, grateful acclaim—

An anthem of Liberty, Union, Devotion,
 Of patriot, jubilant, heart-felt emotion,
 O'er the land of our birth, and its
 Star-Spangled fame !

For the bravery, wisdom, and worth of our
 sires,

And their patriotism—the eloquent story
 Of our country's sweet liberty, told on its
 lyres—

The birthday of Washington, Freedom,
 and glory !

For truth's temple-spires,
 And home-altars and fires,

Our Laws, Constitution, Republic, and
Union,

We thank thee, O God, of heart-blessed
communion!

For the Flag, that its children, with
valor inspires!

Let "no North and no South, no East and
no West,"

Be our national motto—"One Union
forever!

With Freedom, inseparately woven and
blest,"

Should one son of Columbia's pride try
to sever

One Star from her breast—

With disloyalty's crest,

Be of treason and shame, the accursed in-
stigator—

God transmute to ashes the heart of the
traitor!

And shield our dear Union, fair Free-
dom's bequest!

118 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

Thank God ! that our Union is destined to
shrine,

All that's hallowed and priceless, im-
mortal and glorious !

That our Banner of Stars has a mission
divine—

Long, long may it wave, undefaced and
victorious !

Till peace, love benign,

And just freedom shall shine,

In every green land of humanity's throb-
bing !

With smiles, light the homes of dark ser-
vitude's sobbing—

Toil, wisdom, and science, all nations
refine !



THE BEAUTIFUL FABRIC.

OUR GOVERNMENT—A MONUMENT TO BRAVERY, TOIL,
AND WORTH.

HAIL ! western world of Freemen, hail !
May suns and stars, and Heaven grow pale,

Before thy Spangled Banner fades !
While all true bliss thy breast pervades,
And peace and liberty are thine—
May thy free States and realms of beauty,
Beaming with every sunny duty,
The grateful homes of toil enshrine !
I cannot breathe, and know I'm free,
And sing not, hallowed land, of thee—
Thy Union has so dear a ring !
Where'er we dwell on earthly clod,
To feel the blessed awe of God,
'Tis sweet as harp of seraph-tone !
Where'er the radiant sun has shone,
Upon Columbia's verdant sod,
I feel, as nature feels her spring—
Where toil and worth are prized alone—
The spread and might of Freedom's
wing !
Star-Spangled Banner Land ! thy name
Illustrious, kindles Freedom's flame,
Around her cause in every zone,
Till from her Eagle plumes on high,

Upon oppression's realms shall fall,
 The lustres of her throne and sky—
 While flashing from her ravished eye,
 Upon this dungeon world of thrall,
 Shall blaze her glory, truth, and light,
 Like lightnings on the brow of night!

Yes! praise to thee, my Native Land!
 'Twas toiling mind, and toiling hand,
 And toiling head, and toiling heart,
 That caused thy Union to expand!

'Twas toil that made thee what thou art,
 Toil, noble daring, and true worth,
 That gave thy Independence birth—
 Thy liberty and thy renown!

Speak, Union Land of Washington!

Thou, who dost wear a fadeless crown,
 And laurels, by thy bravery won,
 And thine own destiny hast made,
 Foundation for thy greatness laid!

Shalt thou, by treasure, toil, and blood,
 Preserve thy Union, with its Stars,
 In unity forever bright,
 Like angel-eyes, bestowing light?

The memory of thy brave and good ?
 Thy noble, patriotic scars ?

Oh ! History has one page of glory,
 Thy Seventy-Six—thy freedom's story !
 Lake Erie, Plattsburgh, Lundy Lane,
 The record of thy valor bear !
 And canst thou not repeat again
 Thy victories, and fresh laurels wear ?
 The triumph of illustrious worth,
 Has on thy breast as true a birth !
 Thou hast thy Scotts and Washingtons !
 Thy wise, and just, and mighty ones !
 The coward's vacillating heart,
 No place has in thy loyal sons—
 Knit in indissoluble files,
 To save thee from secession wiles,
 And traitor-violence ! Thou art,
 By Freedom's holy breath and fire,
 The Union of the free—still true
 To thy beloved, red, white, and blue !
 And canst thou be the nurse of slaves ?
 No ! while thy Starry Banner waves,
 With voice, thy millions to inspire,

122 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

Thy hero and thy martyr-graves,
To thee shall be a Memnon Lyre !

OUR COUNTRY IS ONE.

LET our nation's rejoicing for Freedom be
heard—

One Republic, extended from ocean to
ocean !

Shall the Atlantic's strength, the Pacific's
arms gird

Thy vastness, O land of our Union-de-
votion !

And our hearts not unite, in one song of
delight ?

The days of our glad Independence recite ?

The glory sublime of thy great Washing-
ton ?—

From ocean to ocean, our country is one !

Laved by two mighty oceans, one Union
thou art,

With the "right of the people to rule,"
demonstrated !

Oh ! we love thee, with patriot-fullness of
heart,

Our Liberty's glorious day celebrated,
Forever shall be, a true grand jubilee,
Uniting the noble, the brave, and the free !
Though vast, thy Star-Spangled renown's
but begun,

From ocean to ocean, our country is one !

Shall traitors, deriding thy Government,
live ?

And bluster, and menace, and man hold
a chattel ?

Our lives for our country—what more can
we give ?

With " Union and Freedom " — the
chorus of battle !

While the forger of chains patriotism pro-
fanes,

Is there nothing to nettle the blood in our
veins ?

With thy Banner of Stars, and thy bird
of the sun,*

From ocean to ocean, our country is one !

* The American Eagle.

124 STAR-SPANGLED BANNER POEMS.

But the brave and the loyal have died not
vain,

Thy greatness, and beauty, and splendor
defending!

The oceans that gird thee, thy commerce
retain,

Are to all lands the power of thy Free-
dom extending!

While thy diamond Stars shine, and thy
Banner benign,

Excelsior Union! the world's cheers are
thine:

For thee, what has Popular Government
done?

From ocean to ocean, our country is one!

THE GALLANT DEFENDERS OF SUMTER AND LEXINGTON.

O, FREEMEN, give to rejoicing place!

Come, gaze in the brave man's sunny face;

Thank God! that we have in our An-
derson,

A true, and tried, and noble one!

First in our Liberty's defence,
 To guard our Flag—unsupported, alone!
 Ah! the rebels, who did the war com-
 mence,
 Shall soon for its guilt with their blood
 atone!

But Sumter shall live in bravest fame,
 With its gallant defender, Anderson!
 And wreathed with Mulligan's patriot-
 name,
 The noble defence of Lexington
 Shall in history smile! Can our Stars
 look out

From our Banner, on such deeds of shame!
 And not end the traitor's triumph-shout?
 The coward stands like a wind-shaken reed,
 And sees his rebel-comrades fly,
 Ashamed of ignoble traitor-deed;—

The watch-fires burning in Liberty's eye,
 Tell our country, *safe, with its freedom-*
 scars—

To cheer our heroes, pure and high,
 Heaven beams in love from our Banner of
 Stars!

UNION AND LIBERTY

WHAT true, noble blood has been poured
out in solving,
The problem of Freedom—yet, Free-
dom, God gave—
“The birthright of man,”—ha! what ages
revolving,
Claimed him a mere chattel, dull serf,
or vile slave!
But foiled be earth’s dark and inhuman
oppressors!
Of Justice and Right, the ignoble trans-
gressors!
Every wronged land and nation shall have
its redressors,
Like Columbia, walled round with the
hearts of the brave!

If peril and danger, thy Union environ,
O, land of true Liberty, blooming and
bright!

Thy heroes have wills, nerves, and sinews
of iron—

Thy defenders have hearts of firm, reso-
lute might !

The exile no sooner has crossed the vast
ocean,

Than his tears, all are turned, into smiles
of devotion !

The stranger beholds thee with rapturous
emotion—

The eyes of the universe gaze on thy
light !

Electricity's science, thy Franklin in-
vented !

And thy Morse consummated its practi-
cal use !

Thou hast with self-government experi-
mented,

And proved its success, as sublime, as
profuse

In its blessings,—thy Fulton, 'twas first
educated

Steam-power on the deep, with thy Stars
coronated !

Thy Union and Freedom shall be demonstrated,

When thy soil's announced free from
base slave-power abuse !

Like gold, seven times tried in the fire, art
thou proven !

Like lightnings, that strike from the
centre of heaven,

The truths, in thy Popular Government,
woven,

Shall strike the glad world with thy
mission, God-given

Like the science of lightning, thy Frank-
lin invented,

And thy Morse's great telegraph, unprece-
dented,

Thy States, in a Union of Freedom, ce-
mented,

Shall forever rejoice—one Republic, un-
riven !

When the principles, born in thy blest
revolution—

When the glory of Seventy-Six and its
scars,

And sublime declaration, are thy Consti-
tution—

Inalienable freedom and rights—oh ! no
jars,

Nor Union-dissolving, shalt thou, be de-
ploring !

Then, shall Union and Liberty, crown thine
adoring !

The emblem of Freedom, thine Eagle, up-
soaring—

The emblem of Union, thy Banner of
Stars !















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 117 803 2

LYRICS OF THE
WAR FOR THE UNION